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AND  
SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

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TO LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS!

You are entitled to receive the SAILORS' MAGAZINE gratuitously, "upon an annual request for the same." We are trying, with every succeeding number, to make it an increasingly interesting and useful periodical.

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AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,  
80 Wall Street, New York.

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(For the Sailors' Magazine.)

SOME MEMORIALS OF ASEE; A CONVERTED CHINAMAN;—  
HUNG IN HONOLULU, DEC. 14, 1866.

BY E. DUNSCOMBE, SAILOR MISSIONARY.

The following account of the murder of Jules Dudoit, appeared in the *Honolulu Advertiser*, of July 21st, 1866.

"HORRIBLE TRAGEDY."

"One of the most awful tragedies ever enacted in this city occurred last night. It appears that a Chinaman in the employ of Jules Dudoit,

entered his house about half past one o'clock this morning, armed with a butcher's cleaver, and, proceeding to the bed-room, deliberately cut Mr. Dudoit's throat, causing immediate death. The scene after the murder was one of the most horrible and distressing that has ever been witnessed here."

Asee, the murderer, escaped to the

mountains, where he remained several days. At last he was captured and taken to prison. Being in the habit of holding meetings in the prison on Sabbaths, occasionally, I met with Asee, first, on the 12th of August, 1866, being permitted to visit him in his cell. I found him an intelligent looking young man, about twenty-one years of age, and tried to converse with him, but he understood very little English, and my stay with him was short. Having brought a Chinese Testament with me I gave it to him, and asked him to read it. September 23d I held a meeting with the prisoners, and after it was over, I remained some time with Asee, and in as simple language as possible spoke to him about Jesus, who died to save us, and his need of praying to Him for the forgiveness of his sins. He said, "Me pray Jesus Christ make me good man."

I endeavored to show him how Jesus Christ loves poor Chinaman, but hates his sins, and wants to save him. I left him a few Chinese tracts, but, as he reads his own language imperfectly, he was unable to make out but few words. I have lately, however, managed, with the assistance of a Chinese merchant, to teach him how to find out any passage of Scripture required.

On the 27th I visited him and gave him a Testament with verses marked, and he read many of them.—With the assistance of interpreters, a native, and another Chinese prisoner, I conversed with him some time, and related my wicked life, and what the Lord had done for me, in which, he appeared interested, I then prayed with him, and when I had, he crossed himself, as the Roman Catholics do, and said, "this no good," I then directed his attention to the publican's prayer and told him, "that good." I heard subsequently that a Roman Catholic had visited him leaving him a little prayer-book in Chinese. From our conversation I imagined he was anxious to know the result of his trial, before seeking the Lord with all his heart. I tried to convince him that "now" was the accepted time.

Revelation 21: 8, seemed to set him thinking a little. October 7th, after a brief conversation I left him a tract on "The New Birth." On the 26th he was found guilty of murdering Jules Dudoit, and was sentenced to be executed the 14th of December. October 28th I was gratified to find him still more eager for the truth, and glad to have any one come to tell him of Jesus. One of his fellow-prisoners, a Chinaman, read marked portions of Scripture to him, and the truth was made plain. I tried to impress on his mind the importance of praying in earnest, and telling the Lord Jesus all his "bad things," and seeking forgiveness. I felt great confidence that the Lord would teach him, and in His infinite compassion pluck this poor heathen as a brand from the burning. I reminded him also how the Lord was everywhere present, and then engaged in prayer, and asked him to pray himself to Jesus, which he did in a low tone, in his own language for about five minutes. I did not understand him but trusted it was a prayer for mercy. At the commencement of his imprisonment he was visited by Mrs. C—, and Mrs. A—, who remained some time, endeavoring to show him his need of the Saviour. A little after he was sentenced Mrs. C—, again called upon him accompanied by Mrs. A—. He was careful to inquire if they were Roman Catholics, but when he found they were not he freely conversed with them. Before leaving, they both prayed with him, and when he arose from his knees he appeared as if he had been weeping, and they trusted that the Holy Spirit had been enlightening his darkened mind. I felt a desire to place the truth as it is in Jesus, as plain as possible before him, looking for God's blessing to accompany it, so I wrote out several passages of Scripture to be translated into Chinese, which, my friend, the Chinese merchant kindly accomplished for me, the selections closing as follows:

"God sends you this message from His own word, 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous



man his thoughts, and let him return to the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and will abundantly pardon.' Come then Asee to the Saviour; seek Him in prayer; confess your sins to Him, and ask Him to have mercy upon you; do it before it is too late; for if He is neglected here there will be no mercy in the next world; and remember, there is another life after this one, either in heaven with eternal joy, or in hell with misery for ever and ever.—Then seek Jesus as your only Saviour, and loving friend." November 2d, to-day my heart is rejoiced to find that Asee still continues earnestly to seek the Saviour. He feels he is a bad man, and sometimes when he prays he feels happy. I said to him, "some good people in Honolulu pray for you, and this evening some are gathered together to pray." I asked him, "do you wish they should pray for you, and what shall they pray for?" The reply I received through another Chinese prisoner, who interpreted it, was, "want's somebody pray Jesus Christ forgive me." He was anxious I should know all that was going on, and told me that a Chinaman had called to see him endeavoring to persuade him to pray to Mary. His reply was, "No, me pray Jesus Christ." He said he was glad to have any one come tell him about Jesus Christ. Truly "the light of life" is shining into his poor heart. After our prison meeting, on the 4th, I held an interesting conversation with him when he showed me a portion of his Testament, being the 7th chapter of St. Luke, from the 37th verse. This seemed to occupy his attention a good deal, I pointed out the 48th verse reminding him of what Jesus does. On the 23d I visited him accompanied by the Rev. H. P.—. Asee seemed making gradual progress in divine things, and has, I believe, laid hold by faith on the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

Others who have visited him think likewise. The Rev. H. P.—, gave me some expressions used by him, as "Jesus' blood rub out sin," and "Jesus Christ never tell lie." The Rev. Mr. C——. also told me how greatly

he was interested in the poor sinner's case. Asee lately related to him the following, "last Monday night while I sleep, God stand by my bed and tell me, Asee, I know all what you ever done your life time. I know all your sins, all about your wicked murder, and how you kill Mr. D." He tell me, "I going to take away your bad heart, change it and give you a new heart, and take you to heaven when you die, and make you happy for ever." Mr. C——. was much encouraged, and said he had observed a marked change in his countenance, showing outwardly the work and peace within. Gathering up all these fragments, I have do doubt of his safety in Jesus, for the promise is for him, "Believe, and thou shalt be saved." Assuredly, the Lord has taught him how to pray, and he readily prays when asked.

By a request of the Rev. Dr. G., Aheong, a christian Chinaman, arrived here from Maui, on the first of December. Shortly after his arrival, in company with the Revs. S. C. D., and H. P. he visited his countryman. Opening the Testament, he read and spoke to him about the dying thief, looking to the Saviour. The poor prisoner eagerly drank in the truth. This meeting was peculiarly interesting. Next day, being the Sabbath, after the prison meeting, at which Asee was an attentive hearer Aheong spent about an hour and a half with him in explaining different verses which I had cut out of a Chinese Testament and pasted on a sheet of paper, principally describing the sinner's state and remedy. Asee kept his eyes steadily fixed on the paper, his whole soul seeming absorbed in considering it, and a great privilege it was to have this christian Chinaman place the truth so simply before him. The other interpreter, who read to him previously, gave his own explanation, and no doubt, in the darkness of his mind, destroyed much of the meaning and power of the truth. I requested Aheong to ask the following questions, "Do you feel you are a wicked sinner in the sight of God?" His answer was, "I feel I have done a good deal of bad things,

and feel ashamed to stand before God." Rev. Mr. R. asked, "if your sins are not forgiven, do you feel that God will be ashamed of you?" He replied, "I depend on God for pardon;" I inquired, "Do you think God knows all the bad things you have done in your life?" "I have gone to God and told Him. He knows all." "How long ago since you began to pray?" "More than two months." "What made you commence to pray?" "Attended some of the meetings; feel I soon going to die, and must pray to the living God." Suppose you had died before you commenced to look to Jesus, where would you have gone? "I would have gone to hell." Before leaving we all knelt in prayer, Aheong, Asee and I prayed, and our hearts were greatly comforted—through this visit. Next day I accompanied the interpreter, who went for the purpose of writing a letter for him to his poor mother, in China. I sat quiet while he told him what to write, and remaining silent some time, he turned to me, and with a sweet smile upon his face said, "last night, Jesus say me, 'come to me,' 'come to me.'" As he endeavored to speak to me, I understood that a bad man, one of the other prisoners, ridiculed him, and said, "you all the time pray, and read the Bible, the Bible tell d—— lie."—Poor fellow, as I gazed on him, I felt sorrowful, and then again glad. Since the light of divine truth has shone more on his mind, and the power and willingness of Jesus to save, has been set before him, he is happier, and seems filled with peace. When the letter was finished, Aheong read and explained the following portions of Scripture. 1 Peter, 4 chapter, 7, 14, 16, 19 verses, and 5 chapter, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 verses, and before parting we prayed together.

On the 7th, Aheong accompanied me to the prison, where we saw Asee, his countenance brightened up as he was very glad of our coming. We asked him how he had got along since we last met; he replied with a cheerful smile, "very happy." The blessedness of the religion of Christ

and the consolation it afforded, were portrayed in his face and actions. He said that when praying to God to-day, he asked Him to give him something to read to do him good. He then opened his Testament and read verses from which he found comfort. Feeling interested to know where he had been reading we asked him to show us, and it proved to be the latter part of the last chapter of St. John's Gospel. I requested Aheong to put the following questions to him. "Now you are soon to die, do you feel that Jesus takes away the fear of death?" He answered, "yes, I'm trusting, believing in Jesus." I said to him that when I first found Jesus, the devil often came to me telling me not to believe in Him; to give it up &c., does he come to you that way, Asee? He replied, "yes, the devil often comes to me, to disbelieve the Bible, telling me the missionaries make it." I reminded him of the proof we have, that Jesus comes into our hearts and makes us happy, "have you that proof?" He said, "I have." Aheong read and explained from the Chinese Bible part of the 53d of Isaiah, also, some of the comforting words of Jesus, from the 14th of St. John. After having spent about an hour and a half with him we all engaged in prayer. Before parting he handed me a letter of thanks to all his friends, who have come to pray with him and tell him of the Saviour; it was as follows:

December 4th, 1866.

"I thank you Mr. D. and the Chinaman, for coming and writing that letter to my mother for me, and that other man from Frisco, who came and shook hands with me, and talked to me. I thank you Mr. D. for praying for me; thank you Mr. G., and Mr. P., and Mrs. C., too.—Some men say the Bible is no true, I pray true, some white man no like to see me, but they think a dog is more better than me, some men good-hearted; come shake hands with me and pray for me, no matter whether I have money or not, and write letter too: me know every good man pray for me, do you know what



makes me think so, me die, me go heaven, me ask Jesus Christ that he take me to heaven when I die, me ask Jesus who good men pray for me, their names, Jesus show me that every good man pray for me, me mark down every good man, by and by that man die, he go heaven, me shake hands with him there, me be good friend to him, before me came here me no pray Jesus Christ; some good man come and tell me pray, and pray for me, ten weeks ago me first learned to pray, I now pray every day, I pray hard to Jesus that he take my soul to heaven, when I die, me ready to die any time.

From your friend, ASEE.

"The above letter was written by a young man, an American, (confined in the prison also for murder,) at Asee's request." I understood him to say, he had spoken to the American about his soul, whose answer was, "I do not care, I will go to hell." On our way home from the prison, in conversation about Asee's spiritual progress, Aheong told me he said to him, "when I lay down night-time, I think about my soul, after I die how happy I be in heaven." These words comforted our hearts.

Dec. 9th.—The last Sabbath upon earth of poor Asee. After our prison meeting, Aheong and I remained some time with him, I could not but remark to-day how calm and collected he appeared, while a cheerful happy smile overspread his countenance. Through Aheong, I asked him, "has Jesus been near you since we last met?" He replied, "yes, all the time." "Do you feel you can trust your soul and body in the care of Jesus and know all is safe?" He answered, "yes, I commit all into His hands." Aheong being about to go home to-morrow, and this being the last time we should all meet together on earth, our meeting was a very solemn one. He read and explained several parts of the 14th of St. John, then we all knelt in prayer, each offering up a petition, and tears were shed when we arose from our knees. Poor Asee came to me lovingly and said, "no sorry," meaning not to be sorry for him at parting.

He bid Aheong farewell, adding, "I thank you very much for coming to see me, we will not meet again more in this world, but we will meet in heaven." We are without a doubt of his safety in Christ. During his last week he was visited by Mrs C. and other christian friends. On the 12th I went to see him. As I entered the cell, his Chinese Testament lay open on his pillow, I asked him where he had been reading, and was pointed to 3d of St. John, 16th verse. He was still trusting in the Saviour, and felt comforted. He remarked, "me pray every man, me love every man." He spoke frequently about his poor mother, in China, saying, "she no know Jesus." I read about the dying thief, and endeavored to explain in a simple way, how the wicked dying man prayed and believed in the Lord Jesus, and He saved him. This explanation seemed to encourage his heart; we prayed together and parted. After the turnkey locked up his cell, I spoke a few words to him through the gratings. Seeing I was affected, he said, "me no sorry."

Dec. 13th.—I went with the Rev. H. P. to see him. To-morrow's sun will see Asee pass from time into eternity. He received us gladly, and in answer to Mr. P's inquiry, how it was with him, he replied, "all right." He was asked, "do you love Jesus now?" and answered, "yes." "Why do you love Jesus?" His simple Scriptural answer was, "because he love me first." I reminded him of the dying thief, and to look to Jesus, as he did, holding on to Him. He spoke again about his mother, I suggested to him that Aheong be requested to write to her personally about her soul; to this he readily consented. We prayed together and as Mr. P. parted with him for the last time, I understood him to say, "me speak to Jesus of Mr. P." I thought at times he must have sad moments, as his execution was drawing so near; but the compassionate Saviour keeps him from the tempter's power.

December 14th.—Poor Asee will this day pay the penalty of the law

by forfeiting his life, and no mourners will follow him to the grave. I went early to see him this morning, and we found it a blessed privilege to spend a short time together. I spoke about the nearness of his end; and inquired how it was with him. He plainly answered, "it's all right, not afraid to die, Jesus with me." His countenance looked very peaceful. I read the first, sixth, eighteenth and twenty-seventh verses of the 14th chapter of St. John, and tried to explain them to him. He seemed to comprehend my meaning, as I showed, that while the thief on the cross was dying, he looked to Jesus all the time. He again spoke of his dear mother, saying he wanted her to come to heaven. I said to him, "to-day you be in heaven, who you look round for when you get there?" He considered a little and answered, "look for dying thief." I asked again, "who else you look for in heaven?" he replied, "Jesus." We both united in prayer, and soon after, the officer came to the cell door remarking, "they were going to give him his breakfast and get him ready." Poor Asee turned to him saying, "no want breakfast." He was anxious for me to remain longer, but I had to retire while they dressed him for the sad end. The execution was to be private, and only a few were gathered. At about a quarter to nine Rev. Mr. C., the officiating minister was told the prisoner desired to see him, when he went to his cell he conversed and prayed with him. He again alluded to his poor mother and wished that she might be prayed for. After Mr. C.'s return to the office, at Asee's request, I was called to see him for the last time. As I entered the cell everything was ready for the execution. The tears had been flowing from his eyes, and I endeavored to say a few words to comfort him,

and once more we knelt together in prayer. He prayed very earnestly, as one wrestling with God. One word fell on my ears, which I clearly understood. It was my own name. Amidst all before him, the poor man remembered to pray for me. With a sorrowing heart I parted from him, but was confident of his safety, and that *all was well*. I was then invited to the prison-yard, and sat among a few spectators. In a short time Asee was led, (at his own request) blindfolded, to the scaffold, his face covered, and the rope put around his neck. There, as he stood on the trap, ready to launch into eternity, Rev. Mr. C. commenced prayer, and soon poor Asee himself commenced to pray in a loud voice, both praying at the same time. He was earnestly calling upon the Lord in his own language, when Mr. C. pronounced "Amen." Suddenly the trap fell, and soon that wonder of redeeming love was safely with Jesus. It was a sad, and a very solemn sight; and I was glad when all was over; no more pain, no more death, but "forever with the Lord." All glory to God!

P. S. The jailor of the prison was asked by a lady, (Mrs. A.) if he thought Asee was a christian? His answer told a great deal. "*Something comforts him.*" I thought such was indeed an unconscious testimony from a man of the world, of the words of Jesus, "I will not leave you comfortless." Near two months after his execution, while conversing with some Chinese confined in the prison, one who had often spoken to Asee, told me some words he said to him before his death. They were indeed a blessed testimony; for words like these tell a great deal, "I love Jesus." "Jesus my friend." St. John 6: 37.

#### THE JESUITS IN CHINA.

In a letter sent from Canton mention was made of the Cathedral going up there, which is to cost three millions dollars. We learn that another,

quite as magnificent and costly, is being erected at Peking; also that in nearly every important city of the empire churches are being erected.



The Jesuits are in China in great force. Here comes one of their priests, a Frenchman, wearing Chinese clothing, with a pig-tail hanging down his back. He has become a Chinaman, following to the letter the apostolic example and precept—becoming all things to all men, to accomplish the end in view. The Jesuits throughout the empire have adopted the dress, the habits and customs of the Chinese—eating as they eat, sleeping as they sleep, shaving the forehead and not the crown, just as the Chinese shave theirs.

Your readers will remember that two hundred years ago the Jesuits were numerous throughout the empire, but upon the accession of a new dynasty they were driven from the kingdom, and their property confiscated. But through all these long years Rome has had her eyes open. When the French brought forward the treaty lately signed between France and China, one article stipulated that all the property confiscated two hundred years ago should be restored to the Jesuits.

"It is impossible," said the Emperor's ministers.

"It must be done," was the reply of the French commission.

"Who can tell where it was situated? How can it be identified? There have been great commotions—a great many changes since then. We cannot find it," said the ministers.

"Of course there may be some difficulty, but if the Fathers of the Church can identify the property, Your Highnesses will restore it," said the bland commissioners.

"O yes; if they can show that it was once owned by the Church," was the reply, and the articles went into the treaty.

A few months later the "Fathers," appeared at Peking with a great bundle of title deeds and documents, yellowed by time and mouldy from their long repose in the archives of the Propaganda at Rome!

The Emperor's Ministers were confounded, but there was no help for it, and so the Church to day is in

possession of immense estates in nearly every city of the empire.

The other day, while walking through the streets of the old city of Shanghai, Rev. Mr. Yates pointed out long ranges of buildings which had been restored to the Jesuits under that article of the treaty. The income from these estates is enormous. No estimate can be made of the amount, which is known only to the "Fathers," who keep their own counsel.

The Jesuits are having great success in this Empire. The forms and ceremonies of the Buddhist religion are so much like those of the Roman Catholic than one can hardly tell the difference. A Chinaman entering a Protestant church sees no gods, images, nor pictures, and he comes to the conclusion that the Protestants are altogether godless; but he enters a Jesuit church and sees a better class of images than those he is accustomed to worship, pictures more pleasing than those upon the walls of his own temples. He sees the priests of the altar in gorgeous robes, inhales sweeter incense than that ascending from the joss sticks. The music of the choir, the deep-toned organ is more pleasing than the rub-a-dub of drums. Is it any wonder that the churches are thronged at morning mass, or at the hour for vespers?

Rome takes long looks ahead. She is educating for the future. Foundlings are picked up by the hundred and the thousand; poor parents sell their children for a trifle, parting with them that they may be educated by the priests. A few years hence these foundlings will be traversing the hills and valleys, stopping at all the villages, setting up schools, carrying on the work of the church.

A gentleman at Shanghai, one who has been long in the country, who can speak the language, who has traveled through several of the provinces dressed as a Chinaman, in search of coal and iron and other minerals, has had excellent opportunities for observation, and his opinion is worthy of consideration. He says:

"Of the missionary effort put forth

in China at least ninety per cent is by the Catholics,"

The restoration of the confiscated property has given the Church of Rome great vantage ground. The priests have been pressing the imperial government in another direction. The French Minister has obtained an imperial decree permitting the priests to decide all questions of law between Chinese Catholics and those who still adhere to the Chinese religion. Secretly and persistently, con-

stantly they are laboring to obtain possession of China. So high a personage as Sir John Bowring, who was here for a long while, and whom I had the pleasure of meeting last August at the meeting of the British Association, expresses the opinion that Romanism stands a fair chance of obtaining possession of this vast empire. Certainly Rome is working with a zeal, energy, singleness of purpose and far-sightedness which may challenge admiration.—*Boston Journal*.

### WINTER IN NORWAY.

When the winter so long expected at last arrived, the sky was as black as ink; it blew a gale of wind from the north; not a dog was to be seen in the streets and the occasional carrying away of the shutters, that had been put up to protect the shop-windows, showed how strong the wind was. In a short time the snow followed—not as English snow falls, in a soft sprinkle—but so thick and so close that it was like a sheet suspended before the window, hiding every thing from sight. This continued, more or less, for two days, and then the sky cleared, and the sun shone out as bright as ever, but on a whiter world, and we are told that winter had arrived, and that the snow was down for the year.

As the ice was now covered with snow, the Skating Club opened its operations. Men and horses were constantly at work, plying the handy little machines for throwing off the snow, (which, if allowed to lie, rots the ice,) till they had cleared about the space of two large fields, which they flooded at sundown, by means of little pipes, with fresh water, which froze, and became an unblemished sheet of ice.

The Skating Club is to Christiana what Rotten Row is to London. It has its fashionable hours—from twelve to two o'clock—when the dandies may be seen performing figures of eight on the outer edge, and helping the ungraceful and spasmodic movements of English beginners.

Like Rotten Row, it also has its unfashionable time—from two to four o'clock—when its devotees seem to avoid it like a pestilence, and its hours for the townsfolk, who, when their work is over, sally forth to skate by moon or torchlight, and when they depart, more fresh water is poured over the cut-up ice, which appears the next day in renewed youth.

Now the snow-plough appears in the streets, to enable traffic to be resumed. It was a giant machine, drawn by ten horses, covered with bells, and accompanied by men and boys, who helped the horses up when they fell in the snow, which was knee-deep. As the plough passed along, it left a hard, smooth surface of beaten snow, the snow it had thrust away forming a wall on either side, which was subsequently carried off on sledges. The same process in miniature clear the footways, and before noon the streets were arranged to perfection. The effect of every thing dazzling white was at first beautiful; but it did not last long, as constant traffic soon dirties the snow, when it looks like an ordinary road. Every thing was now on sledges; people, instead of carrying their loads, put them on small kelkers, or runners, and pulled them along by a string. It was extremely cold—twenty degrees below freezing point. The ladies took to hoods and fur boots, and were warned never to wear veils till the cold was over, as the breath turns to



ice on the veil, and would freeze the nose without the owner's cognizance. Should this most painful accident occur, and the frozen nose receive a blow, it would chip off like a piece of china, and should one venture into a

hot room before it was thawed, one would be condemned to carry about a very red and disfigured nose for the rest of one's life.—*Summer and Winter in Norway.*

### A LEPER VILLAGE.

It seems that in all parts of the East is found that loathsome and incurable disease—leprosy—incurable by any agencies which have yet been discovered by human skill, and hence, doubtless, so frequently selected by our Lord as the disease, the curing of which should incontestably declare the supernatural power which he exercised. A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* thus describes a visit to a Chinese leper village near Canton:

"It is situated about two miles and a half from the suburbs of Canton, on a slight eminence, in the midst of cultivated fields, and accommodates between four and five hundred lepers with their children born in the asylum. All persons recognized or declared by the authorities to be lepers are sent to these asylums, of which there are three in the neighborhood of Canton. Neither husband, wife, nor child are allowed to accompany the leper to the asylum; but they are allowed to choose conjugal mates from the inmates of the same. The children born from these unions remain in the village. I saw of them a great number, varying from the age of infancy to twenty-five years, and, in fact, judging from the great number of sound people in the establishment, the offspring would seem as numerous as the legitimate occupants of the place. Only one leper admitted that he was the son of another leper then in the place. As a rule, they try to conceal their descent from diseased parents. The village itself forms a rectangle, surrounded by a brick wall twelve feet high, with a gate which is closed every night.—The following description may give you an idea of its inner arrangement: A street about fourteen feet wide

(wider than any street in Canton) leads from the gate straight up to the temple, or joss-house. From this street branch out at right angles on each side about fourteen lanes, three feet and a half wide, each two separated by one single low building, partitioned again by a wall along its whole length, and cross ways by twelve to fourteen cross-walls, so as to form twenty-four narrow apartments. In these small holes that whole mass of population is stowed away every night. Of course I cannot speak with praise of its state of cleanliness—quite the reverse.

"During the day the gates are open and the lepers roam about at liberty, to beg through the streets of Canton. They receive, besides, a small daily allowance from the Government and the monopoly of the trade of coir-rope making, by which they earn something in addition. The lepers leave the village in the day-time at pleasure, and their friends enter as freely to visit them, circumstances which go far to demonstrate the popular opinion that the contagion is not volatile or diffusible, or that it requires prolonged actual contact to communicate itself from one person to another. We had taken the precautionary measure to send a message to the village on the previous day that we were coming to distribute alms among them. In consequence of this, the greater portion of the lepers remained at home that day, and I had a fine opportunity of examining a great number. As a result of this investigation of cases, Dr. Hillebrand satisfies himself that there is in Chinese leprosy three distinct varieties—the tubercular form, the erysipelatous, and the simply paralytic. The latter form is

often accompanied with inveterate psoriasis. He had frequently seen this type of the disease in the Hawaiian Islands, but he had not previously recognized it as leprous."

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### South Sea Islands.

A missionary on Ponape, in Micronesia, speaks of having made a tour of the island, the people everywhere flocking together to hear his teachings, and giving the most undivided attention. A woman, in 1859, traveled to the mountains, and told of the wonderful things she had heard at the missionary's house. An old patriarch and his wife crossed the mountains, that they might hear and see for themselves. They visited the missionary, heard of the Saviour, and carried the news back to their people. Shortly, others were charmed by the Christian singing, and the teachings of the new religion; they built a meeting-house, and the missionary visited and preached to them, and formed them into a Christian society. The little mountain rill has become a stream of blessing. A large district, headed by its chief, has lately embraced Christianity. The great mass of the people have abandoned heathenism, and there is scarcely a neighborhood where there are not praying people.

At Matua, on the Samoan Islands, is a well-regulated, self-supporting native seminary, which generally numbers ninety to one hundred students, and sends out annually, on an average, thirty well-trained candidates for the ministry. The natives in each village have their own teacher, whom they support, besides contributing largely to the funds of the London Missionary Society. On Anciteum, a copy of the New Testament, and suitable school books in the native language, are to be found in every family.

On the Fiji islands there are 45 native missionaries and assistant missionaries; 653 local preachers; 1025 native day-school teachers and 22,000 persons in church fellowship. There are 36,000 schools, and 90,000 who listen to the gospel of Christ.

The church in Bau accommodates 1000 persons. A missionary, speaking of the rare pleasure of attending the native services, says: "Never was I so much impressed with the power of divine truth, as when I stood in the midst of the native congregation of over 700—the king seated in a dignified manner in an arm-chair, with his large Bible before him; the queen in a conspicuous place among the women—and heard the gospel preached by a native minister, and the accents of their praise ascending up on high, like the voice of many waters. I am thoroughly convinced of the magnitude and reality of the good work of God in Fiji."

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### The Trade of the Black Sea and Sea of Azoff.

In this important trade, the United States might participate more largely if proper measures are taken to abolish restrictions and taxes upon the shipping interest at the Dardanelles. Even at the present time, the trade between the United States and Odessa is far more important than that between the United States and Constantinople; the aggregate import at the latter port from, and exports to American ports, amounting in the year ending, Sept. 30, 1856, only to \$250,000; while of exports alone, 18 invoices of goods, amounting to about \$500,000, have been shipped from Odessa to the United States during the same period. Then there is the direct and indirect importation of American goods. Indeed, the United States Consul at Odessa urges the establishment of a line of steamers between New York and Odessa. This might be most successfully established *via* the Dardanelles and Constantinople, and might become the means of directing to American channels a greater portion of that extensive commerce and navigation which is now monopolized chiefly by England. In the immense carrying-trade of the Sea of Azoff and the Black Sea, American shipowners should certainly begin to compete with those of other nations.



In 1860, for instance, four American vessels from Cleveland, Ohio, of which Captain Pierce, of Clayton, N. Y., was part owner, were employed to carry sleepers from Anarcia (on the coast of Circassia, between Souchou Kale and Redoubt Kale) to Reodosia for the railroad under construction there.

Besides carrying sleepers to Reodosia, these ships have been employed at intervals to take Tartars from that port and Sevastopol to Kustendju and Varna on the coast of Roumelia. Six passages were made by them from Sevastopol to Kustendju, and one from Reodosia to Varna. Three of the same ships went in the autumn to Galate to load for the Mediterranean, so as to be back early in the spring to resume their business, while the fourth remained at Sevastopol awaiting orders.

This is an instance of the possibilities of American enterprise in these distant seas.

the total quantity of water evaporated from the ocean, which occupies three-fourths of the surface of the earth is also alike, and the amount of rain falling over the whole surface is consequently also the same. Every region of the earth's surface has its yearly share of this rain, which, however, differs greatly for different climates, but is, as a rule, uniform. The North-eastern States, for instance, receive yearly forty inches, the South-eastern more than fifty, and some of the South-western not one-tenth part of this amount. But occasionally this average quantity is disturbed, and one part of country receives a portion of the share of another, for reasons we are not always able to trace; in fact, the laws of meteorology are very complex, and the whole science is still a myterious problem.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

### Frightful Calamity.

#### What is the Cause of all the Rain?

The sun has a period in about ten years in which he is free of spots. The greatest numbers were seen about the years 1842, 1852 and 1862; the least number, or none, in 1847, 1857 and 1867. Some five or six years ago, when we had a rainy spring, certain would-be philosophers explained it by the great number of sun-spots, which diminished the usual heat radiating from his surface; but now the same philosophers say that by its present freedom of spots, and its consequent greater heat, an unusual quantity of water is evaporated, and of course has to come down as rain. They have, indeed, a handy rule, which works both ways; but they forget that it is not every where that the same excess of rain is falling; but, on the contrary, in the North-west, at the present, there is not enough of it and we get the share rightly belonging to them.

It is pretty well established that the heat, which the whole earth receives from the sun, is nearly alike every year, spots or no spots; that

The most dreadful earthquake that ever occurred in South America took place in August, the convulsions continuing from the 1st to the 16th, and extending from Ecuador through Peru to the southern part of Chili, at least 2,500 miles on the coast, and a hundred miles inland, destroying over twenty cities and villages, some of which were large and important commercial ports, some thirty silver and other mines, and \$300,000,000 worth of property, and accompanied by a most fearful loss of life, estimated at from 30,000 to 60,000. The sea receded from the coast, and then returned in an immense wave, from thirty to fifty feet high, engulfing vessels and overwhelming cities and villages. Two United States vessels of war were in the harbor of Arica, Peru, one of which was totally destroyed, and the other left uninjured, but high and dry, over half a mile from the shore. In Tambo, a priest told the frightened people not to flee to the hills, for he would go down to the sea and still the waters. Five hundred credulous people followed him, but were all swept away with him whose voice the waves would not obey.

### Earthquake Waves on the Ocean.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* says: "An earthquake wave which followed the recent eruption in the Sandwich Islands, was transmitted to this coast and recorded on the Government self-registering tide gauges at San Francisco and Astoria, in about five hours. On the 23d of December, 1854, a similar wave was transmitted from the coast of Japan to the Golden Gate in twelve hours and thirty eight minutes. It will be recollected that this earthquake wave caused the wreck of the Russian frigate *Diana* in the port of Simoda, and great losses of life.

"These facts, which are derived from the best authority, convey a very impressive idea of the tremendous power required to disturb the whole body of an ocean, for a distance of from three to five thousand miles, by a movement distinct from its ordinary tidal swing. It will be seen that the revulsion of the great tidal wave at Hawaii reached this coast, distant over two thousand miles, in five hours, and was observed along a stretch of shore over thirteen geographical degrees in length."

### A Human Time-Piece.

A wonderful story is told of a man named J. D. Chevalley, a native of Switzerland, who had, in 1845, at the age of sixty-six years, arrived at an astonishing degree of perfection in reckoning time by an internal movement. He was, in fact, a human time-piece, or living clock. In his youth he was accustomed to pay great attention to the ringing of bells and vibrations of pendulums, and by degrees he acquired the power of counting a succession of intervals exactly equal to those which the vibrations of the sound produced. Being on board a steamboat on Lake Geneva, on July 14th, 1832, he engaged to indicate to the crowd around the lapse of a quarter of an hour, or as many minutes and seconds as any one chose to name, and this during a most diversified conversation with those standing by; and further, to indicate by his voice the moment

when the hand passed over the quarter, minutes, or any other subdivision previously stipulated, during the whole course of the experiment. This he did without mistake, notwithstanding the exertions of those about him to distract his attention, and clapped his hands at the conclusion of the fixed time. His own account of his gift was as follows: "I have acquired, by imitation, labor and patience, a movement which neither thought, nor labor, nor anything can stop. It is similar to that of a pendulum, which at each moment of going and returning, gives me the space of three seconds, so that twenty of them make a minute; and these I add to others continually."

### Practical Civilization.

CHINA is evidently soon to become one of the great powers of the world. A civilization which is ever a forerunner of Christianization has begun, and is now making wondrous strides. Chief among the many plans for opening up this wondrous Land of Flowers is the great scheme of the East India Telegraph Company for establishing a set of telegraph lines over this empire.

The aggregate of the domestic trade is enormous. The foreign trade is \$900,000,000 annually. The size of the empire being so great, is now to be contracted and compacted, so as to become at once easy of access and to bring all its populations within range of Christian influences.

We do not believe that commerce will convert the world, but commerce is the wings of the word. At some future time we mean to take up this great project, now so happily begun, to construct a net-work all over this empire, and so to speak, to catch with harmless guile and deliver it over to be subdued by the conquering kingdom of Christ.

### The Monster Evil.

In 1867 there were over 100,000,000 gallons of whiskey distilled in the United States, making the cost, at \$1.40 a gallon, the market price,



\$140,000,000; 160,000,000 gallons of beer and ale brewed, which at 50 cts. a gallon was \$80,000,000; 90,000,000 gallons of wines and brandies at \$2 a gallon, \$180,000,000; imported wines and liquors, \$60,000,000; making a total of \$460,000,000 invested in these body-and-soul ruining products. The cost of some of the necessities of life were: for flour and meal, \$224,000,000 beef and pork, \$56,000,000; boots and shoes, \$90,000,000; clothing, \$70,000,000; making a total of \$440,000,000: showing that the strong drink consumed, at wholesale prices, would purchase the food and clothing of all the people of the country, and leave a balance of \$20,000,000. If a retail profit of fifty per cent. is added, there will be the enormous sum of \$690,000,000, or \$250,000,000 more than was invested in food and clothing. The amount expended in liquor last year was about sixty-two times as much as that spent for educational and religious purposes. There are 146,176 ministers and school teachers in the United States engaged in making the people wiser and better; but 565,640 are employed in distilleries and wholesale and retail liquor shops, or four times as many, busy in the work of demoralization.

#### Wasted in Smoke.

It is estimated that 20,000 cigars are daily sold on Broadway, New York, of which one-twentieth cost 30 cents, two-twentieths 25 cents, one-fifth 20 cents, two fifths 15 cents, and one-fourth 10 cents; making \$3,300 a day, or \$1,204,500 a year for cigars on that single street. It is also estimated that 75,000,000 cigars are consumed in the city, at a cost of \$9,650,000. This, with the amount annually expended for pipes and tobacco, makes an aggregate of \$10,500,000 yearly consumed in smoke in this city. The total amount of internal revenue from tobacco and its manufacture in 1865 was \$11,387 799.

#### An Infamous Business Closed.

The United States Navy Department publishes the report of the

commander of the gunboat *Swatara*, who states that the slave-trade on the coast of Africa is entirely suspended, and the home and foreign markets for slaves are nearly destroyed. In consequence of this, the English squadron for preventing the slave-trade will probably be withdrawn from the oppressive and pestilential African coast. This result is mainly owing to the fact that Brazil is meditating emancipation, and that Cuba prefers coolie labor as cheaper, easier obtained, and more intelligent.

#### Means of Recognizing Death with Certainty.

Dr. E. Martenot, of Lyons, France, has devised a method of deciding the question in cases of doubtful death. It consists in applying the flame of a candle to the flesh of the finger or toe of the patient for a few seconds, until a blister is raised. This invariably takes place. If the blister is filled with serum, life still remains; if the blister is filled with vapor, death has taken place. A dry blister signifies death; a moist blister, life.—*L'Union Medicale*.

#### Extreme Heat.

Humboldt states that in his travels in South America the mercury in the thermometer stood as high as 142°. In Upper Egypt it has been recorded at 154°. A reliable observer at Allentown, Mo., reports that on July 18 the thermometer in that place stood at 156° in the sun.

#### The Cloudy Pillar.

Believers are slow to learn, and easily forget, the rich interest they have in Christ, and the completeness of the provisions of divine grace for all their need. Israel in Egypt had been preserved when plague after plague swept through that land; the blood on the lintel had sheltered them on the night of the Destroying Angel; the cloudy pillar had begun to lead them out of the land. Yet all was forgotten when they stood

between the host of Egypt and the Red Sea; they feared and murmured. In Israel standing on the edge of the wilderness, and in the disciples standing by the grave of Lazarus, we see how slow of heart we are to believe the secrets of grace and the faithfulness of God. Yet everything proves that, if we are straitened, it is not in Him.

The cloud of His presence accompanied them from the heart of Egypt to the borders of Canaan; that is, as soon as it was needed, till it was needed no more.

The cloud had many virtues suited to the varied exigencies of the people for whose sake alone it was there. It was there because Israel needed it; and the condition of the camp drew out its glories and virtues. Thus we read its history.

So soon as the people redeemed by blood set out on their journey, the pillar took its place before them as their guide. They were about to enter a pathless waste, without landmarks or human habitation. Its barrenness would demand bread from heaven, and its drought water from the rock; and He who was to open angels' stores for them, and rivers from the rock, raised for them a pillar to be a cloud by day and fire by night, so that, by night or by day they might still be on their God-directed and God-protected way.

The pillar which was cloud and fire alternately, as day and night revolved, could at the same moment be light and darkness, according to Israel's need. When the host of Egypt pressed upon the children of Israel, the cloud put itself between them; and while it was light to the Israelites, it became darkness to the Egyptians, so that they could not come near the helpless multitude, which seemed an easy prey to them. It was a shield now, as it had been a conductor before. And much more than this. He who made the cloud His dwelling could look destruction on all Israel's foes. "The Lord looked unto the hosts of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the hosts of the Egyptians, and took off their chariot

wheels, that they drove them heavily."

The cloud which could guide and protect them, and trouble their enemies, could also rebuke the Israelites when they needed such discipline. They saw there the tokens of divine displeasure, in the days of their murmuring and rebellion; like the resentment of the grieved Spirit, of which the saint is now conscious. But if it thus rebuked the murmuring of unbelief, it was ready to welcome the approaches of faith. Thus, when the Tabernacle was reared, and its furniture and service ordered, according to the appointment of the Lord, the glory filled the house, and the cloud rested upon it. The Lord delighted to own the place where faith met the rich provisions of His grace.

While the cloud has light for the guidance of Israel and terror for their enemies, rebukes for their waywardness and ready encouragements for their faith, it is their unwearied companion till they need it no more.—When they brought upon themselves a pilgrimage of forty years, instead of a journey of a few months, the cloud compassed one wasted mountain after another, and took the road from one wilderness to another. We see it at the end, in Deut. xxxi., as we saw it at the beginning, in Exodus xiii.

The application of all this is easy. Though the disciples of Jesus saw His works day by day, they were yet at their wit's end again and again, when fresh difficulties arose. Thus the hunger of the multitude on the shore, and the winds and waves on the lake, alike perplexed them. The Lord had to disclose again and again His grace and power, according to the demand of the moment, for their rebuke and illumination. He was patient and unwearied with them, from the day that He took them up as ignorant fishermen on the shores of the sea of Galilee; though almost at the end of His sojourn with them He had to say, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?"

Every instance of their slowness of heart to believe only furnished



the occasion of fresh displays of His glory and of His ability to meet all their need. Thus it was in the manifestation of His glory at the grave of Lazarus. Much of His glory had already been revealed to the family of Bethany, and the disciples who accompanied Him. Andrew and Philip had long before known Him as the Lamb of God. Peter had owned Him as the One that had the words of eternal life. James and John, with Peter, had been with Him on the holy mount. The household at Bethany had received Him as a guest, and listened to His words as with ravished hearts. Yet they one and all betrayed their ignorance of the divine energies that had their spring in Him. They did not know Him as the resurrection and the life. Whatever they knew of a resurrection at "the last day, none of them were in the secret of the first resurrection."

As the cloudy pillar, where the glory dwelt, had still resources for Israel's need beyond Israel's apprehension; so there is in Him, and in Him *for us*, treasures beyond all that we have reckoned. We are in wealthier places than we are aware of. We know very imperfectly the glories that lie hid in the pillar of this desert world. Its exigencies daily bring them forth. The patient Master goes on with us, even to the banks of Jordan, and beyond all the needs of the wilderness renews to us the assurance: "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

B.

### "I Can Save Myself."

Freighted with passengers, the gallant ship weighs anchor, and spreads her broad sails for a distant port. With flag unfurled, and silken streamers floating lightly on the morning breeze, she speeds gayly on her way. Among the countless vessels hastning to and fro, none seem fairer or stronger. Day after day passes. So cloudless and serene the sky, so calm the waves, and sweet

the odors of the tropical air, the voyagers forget their fears; and even the sailors grow careless and secure.

But myriads of minute insects, that people those southern seas unseen and unheard, had been doing their work in the huge timbers and the ship was not so staunch and strong as she looks. A little way on, just hidden beneath the waters, lie reefs of solid coral. All unheeded are the warning beacons, until, with one sudden and fearful shock, the vessel becomes a hopeless wreck. And now, as she sinks beneath the waves, the despairing crew are forced to throw themselves into the open sea. The captain of another vessel anchored near orders his life-boats to the rescue. See with what eagerness the drowning men look toward the boats! One by one, they are taken in; and how their very faces beam with grateful joy! But one refuses to get on board. "I am all wet," he says: "I am not fit."

"No matter," says the kind pilot: "they are all wet. Come."

"No: I have found a small rope hanging by the side of the boat. I can just as well hold on by that."

"Oh!" exclaimed a rescued passenger, "you will not be likely to reach the ship in that way. You will either fall a prey to the fearful monsters that inhabit these seas, or you will be chilled, and unable long to keep your hold."

"Oh, no! I am quite warm; and I see nothing swimming around me. Besides, if I should go aboard, you would want me to help you row: and I have never learned, and I am sure I am not able."

"If you could help, we should be very glad of your assistance," replied the faithful pilot; "but, if you are not able, we shall not require it. Come."

"No: I see you have already taken in some I do not love very well; and I really do not believe them to be sincere and upright men."

"Never mind; you may find you have erred in your judgment of them. The good captain wishes you all to get into the life-boats; and there is certainly no other way to be saved."

"I know your captain," replied the deluded man; and had I ever *merited* this, or could I be sure of ever *repaying* it, I would gladly get on board. But, in years gone by, I have done him many an unkindness; and now I can not—no, I *can not*—receive from him so great a boon. No: I can just as well hold on by this rope. It looks strong; and it will make no difference with him how I get to the ship."

And so the life-boats hasten back with their precious freight. They reach the vessel's side, and the kind captain welcomes the happy rescued crew. But the frail cord that looked so firm floats a broken fragment on the smooth waters. Who will wonder, that, amid all the perils of the deep, the poor man failed to gain the goal?

I entreat you, my dear friend, do not so foolishly. "Be constrained by the love of Christ." He invites you: come enter the life-boats. Do it heartily, joyfully: trust him, the Captain of your salvation, who waits to welcome you.

"The Saviour calls! Oh! hear his voice,  
And make his love your only choice."

*Christian Banner.*

### Without Silver and Gold.

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

There are some things which silver and gold cannot procure. You may buy a man's work, but you cannot buy his affection. By paying him his wages, you do not on that account insure his respect; while by indiscriminate alms-giving it is not by any means certain that you will earn or deserve any real gratitude. We must add also that the possession of wealth does not improve a man's own temper and disposition. Sometimes we see very evidently that it has a tendency to spoil his character. It seldom makes a man more generous; too often the increasing weight of the treasure in the bag draws the strings still tighter than before. And here it is an obvious remark, that those who are very poor in worldly goods may be very rich in

better things. The respect and affection and gratitude of others may be securely gained, the sweet temper, the generous heart within may be possessed and enjoyed without silver and gold. Oh, how rich the poor are sometimes in the kindness of disposition, which gives happiness to themselves, and happiness to those around them! Oh, how poor the rich are sometimes, because their silver and gold are corroded by grudging thoughts and by a continual recollection of self! Thus there is a hard line of limitation, which cuts off this silver and gold from the highest offices of all. I need not add that money cannot purchase health, whether for ourselves or for those whom we love. King David's treasury was well filled when Nathan told him that his child must die. King Hezekiah had proud thoughts of his wealth when Isaiah commanded him to "set his house in order." In one case a reprieve was granted—in the other none. God's supreme decisions in regard to human life cannot be affected by our possessions, which are his gifts. And I need not proceed to say that money cannot purchase grace. One of the lessons taught in the early part of the book of the Acts is an abrupt condemnation of so horrible a doctrine. When Simon Magus saw in Samaria what was done by the Apostles, "he offered them money, saying, Give me also this power: but Peter said unto him, Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money."

### The Word of God Abideth Forever.

It is a matter of congratulation that the Bible has passed triumphantly through the ordeal of verbal criticism. English infidels of the last century raised a premature pean over the discovery and publication of so many various readings. They imagined that the popular mind would be rudely and thoroughly shaken, that Christianity would be placed in imminent peril of extinction, and that the church would be dispersed and ashamed at the sight



of its *magna charta*! But the result has blasted all their hopes, and the oracles of God are found to have been preserved in immaculate integrity.

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### An Interesting Letter from Norway.

WALLOE, Aug. 21st, 1868.

Dear Brother:

I regret that my letter written in June did not reach you, as you would have seen from it how the Lord has guided and blessed the efforts of his unworthy witness. During the earlier part of the year I labored principally on the Islands, and addressed large congregations with blessed results. From the latter part of April to the middle of May, I traveled on the West Coast, visiting Langesund, Porsgrund, Skien, Kragero and several intermediate towns, and addressed large assemblies from one to three times daily. Brother Schultz has labored very successfully since 1st May, and also brother Stienon, in his neighborhood. The Bethel is now but slightly frequented. As all the sailors are away from home till October or November, it is now chiefly attended by old men, women and children. Every Thursday we hold a prayer-meeting. A Christian brother takes my place during my absence. The lady at Naverod, of whom I spoke in my first letter, makes steady progress in grace; and the meek and lowly spirit of Jesus makes itself more manifest day by day, in her walk and conversation. During my stay at home I visit there once a week, and have a full house. An old man of eighty has been led to acknowledge the truth, and comes now, tottering by his daughter's side, to our meetings. He says often, while his wrinkled face is bathed in tears: "To strive against God for eighty years is terrible; but Jesus receives sinners in the eleventh hour."

Lately I have visited Horten (our naval station) every other Sunday, and preached at 10 A. M. and 5 P. M. The brethren have fitted up two rooms in which to hold service, and great interest is manifested. We have

a full house, and Jesus, the Good Shepherd, has found many of the lost sheep, who now walk in His ways.

I would be very thankful if you could send me some tracts in the Norwegian, Swedish, French and Dutch languages. My sister, who is superintendent for the Female Mission and teacher in an asylum for poor children, is of great service, guiding and praying with awakened sinners. She has given herself to the Lord's service from childhood, and is of the number who travel through this world with their minds in heaven. The blessing of God on dear America and upon every gift to the glory of God and for the spreading of his kingdom. Brethren do not get weary. In cold Norway your missionaries, Bibles and tracts have found their way to the houses and hearts of many. The sun of righteousness shines and warms many a cold heart, that pray for you. Do not forget to pray for us.

J. H. HANSEN."

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### Buenos Ayres.

In a letter from Rev. M. Goodfellow, dated Sept. 11th, he says, "I am glad to be able to report to you the most encouraging success, as there has been in these five months about twenty conversions, and a great deal of evil prevented among others not converted.\* \* \* Bro. Matthewson has twenty to thirty at meeting now every night."

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### Death of Rev. Phineas Stowe, of Boston.

This devoted minister to seamen died Nov. 13, at the Insane Asylum at Somerville, where he was recently placed. He was 56 years of age, and an earnest missionary among a class who respected him for his kindness and diligence in promoting their worldly and spiri-

tual welfare. He was extensively known throughout the country.

His funeral services took place in the Bethel Church the following Sabbath. Several hundred people more than the church would hold filled the street in the neighborhood of the church. Rev. Drs. BARON STOW, HAGUE, NEAL, EDDY, FULTON, WALKER and GARNER took part in the exercises. Many of the leading business men of the city were present.

The following just tribute appeared in a Boston paper, the evening of Mr. Stowe's death.

"Hundreds if not thousands of people will be pained to learn of the death of Rev. Phineas Stowe, which occurred at the McLean Asylum, in Somerville, at an early hour this morning. Few men in our community were more widely known and respected than Mr. Stowe. His life has been devoted to the performance of good, not in a mere theoretical, but in a practical sense. For twenty years and more he has been a pastor of the Sailors' Bethel in Hanover street, and has worked hard for the benefit of the hardy class that follow the sea. Scarcely a philanthropic scheme has been proposed for years that Mr. Stowe has not taken an active interest in, and of many he was the originator. He was one of the prominent actors in the movement which resulted in the establishment of the Washingtonian Home; which has been the salvation of many unfortunate men addicted to strong drink. He also took great interest in the "Little Wanderers' Home," and has done not a little to establish it on a permanent basis. Two or three years since he originated and carried through with profit a sort of fair at Faneuil Hall, known as the "Sailors' Bazaar."

A few weeks since, worn down with the constant labor in which he engaged, he was allowed a month's vacation. He went to Philadelphia

and rested a few days, and on his return he stopped in New York and visited the Five Points. The misery and poverty of which he was there a witness had a powerful effect upon his naturally nervous temperament, and when he reached home it was soon found that his mind was diseased. He was then taken to the hospital, and after a week of suffering death came to his relief, as above stated. He was 56 years of age, and leaves a widow and one child."

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### Recent Appointments.

At the last meeting of the Board, upon application from the Savannah (Ga.) Bethel Society, Rev. RICHARD WEBB was appointed chaplain at that port.

An appropriation was also made to aid in the support of Rev. E. W. SYLE, seamen's chaplain at Shanghai, China.

These brethren are highly recommended by their respective denominations, and we have reason to believe that they are adapted to the work before them and will prove useful.

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### R. P. Buck, Esq.

This gentleman, long connected with the Society as a Trustee, and for many years its Treasurer, has been elected to serve as President during the temporary absence of WM. A. BOOTH, Esq., who sailed for Europe, 31st of October.

While abroad, Mr. BOOTH will probably visit many of the stations occupied by the Society's chaplains and missionaries, and bring back with him much valuable information in regard to their work.



### A Commendable Enterprise.

The project to secure a permanent Home for colored seamen in the port of New York, has been repeatedly endorsed by the Society, and Mr. WM. P. POWELL is authorized to solicit subscriptions in aid of the same. It is hoped that those to whom Mr. POWELL may present his subscription book, will encourage him in a work, to which he is nobly devoting himself.

### Sailors' Home 190 Cherry Street.

Mr. Cassidy reports sixty arrivals during the month of October. These deposited \$1,895, of which \$430 were placed in the Saving's Bank, and \$1,410 sent to relatives and friends.

In the same time thirty-three went to sea without advance wages; four were sent to the hospital, and one died on his way home.

### Colored Sailor's Home, No. 2 Dover St.

Mr. Powell reports for the month of October Thirty-seven boarders.

He says that these boarders "have been led along from step to step to abandon the vicious habits of intemperance and profanity. Most, if not all are strictly temperance men, and on the Sabbath attend divine service with the denomination to which they severally belong."

### Position of the Planets for December.

MERCURY is a morning star rising about an hour and a half before the sun at the beginning of this month; this interval decreasing until the 16th, after which time it rises and sets with the sun. On the 13th, it is close to the moon.

VENUS is a morning star rising about 4 h. A. M., at the beginning of this month, setting at 3 h. P. M., rising and setting respectively at 6 h.

A. M. and 5 h. P. M. It is near the moon on the morning of the 11th.

MARS rises about 10 h. P. M. at the beginning of the month, setting at noon, and rising and setting respectively at 11 h. P. M. and 10 h. 30 m. A. M. At 9 h. P. M. on the 5th, this planet and the moon will have about the same right ascension.

JUPITER during this month is an evening star, setting about midnight and rising at noon throughout the month. It will be in the vicinity of the moon during the evening of the 22nd.

SATURN is a morning star rising this month before the sun, and setting nearly with that luminary. It is close to the moon on the 13th.

B. B.

N. Y. Nautical School, 92 Madison St.

### Total Disasters Reported in October.

The number of vessels belonging to or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the past month is 25, of which 16 were wrecked, 2 burnt, 3 foundered, 1 capsized, and 3 are missing. They are classified as follows: 3 steamers, 2 ships, 5 barks, 3 brigs, 12 schooners, and their total estimated valuation, exclusive of cargoes, is \$587,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports whence hailing, destinations, &c. Those marked *w* were wrecked, *b* burnt, *f* foundered, *c* capsized and *m* missing:

#### STEAMERS.

Parkersburg, *w*, from Panama for Central America.  
Texas, *f*, from Indianola for New Orleans.  
Del Norte, *w*, from Sitka for Victoria.

#### SHIPS.

Two Brothers, *w*, from Bath for New Orleans.  
Ellen Sears, *m*, from San Francisco for Liverpool

#### BARKS.

Kew-kee, *w*, from Shanghai for Keelung.  
Ocean, *w*, from San Francisco for Puget Sound.  
Vesta, *m*, from Liverpool for New York.  
St. Jago, *w*, from Portland for Philadelphia.  
D. M. Hall, *w*, from San Francisco for Coos Bay.

#### BRIGS.

Alma, *b*, from New York for Sagua.  
Thistle, *f*, from Pictou for Boston.  
Lord Hartington, *f*, (At Hunter's Point, LL)

#### SCHOONERS.

Ida R., *w*, from Philadelphia for Richmond.  
W. B. Jenkins, *w*, from Virginia for New York.  
White Cloud, *w*, from Virginia for New York.  
Blanche, *w*, from Bahamas for Baltimore.  
Ryder, *m*, (Fisherman).  
A. M. Moffitt, *w*, from Rockland for Galveston.  
Dashing Wave, *w*, (Fisherman).  
J. W. Deering, *c*, from Digby for Boston.  
Sea Foam, *w*, (Fisherman).  
E. W. Gardner, *w*, from Boston for Philadelphia.  
Chief, *w*.  
Island Home, *f*, from Vinalhaven for Philadelphia.

## Receipts for October, 1868.

## MAINE.

Brunswick, Othodox ch.	\$10 90
Meth. Epis. ch.	9 50
Hallowell, a Friend.	3 00

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Campton, add'l.	50
Raymond, Cong. ch, const. Rev. E. D. Chapman L. M.	36 20

## VERMONT.

Northfield, Cong. ch, S. S. add'l.	1 50
Meth. Epis. ch.	14 40
Woodstock, Cong. ch, S. S. for lib'y.	20 16

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Acton, Evangl. ch.	32 09
Amherst, Coll. ch, add'l.	1 33
Barre, Mrs. Arnold Adams, of which \$15 for lib'y.	20 00
Boston, Mount Vernon ch.	181 34
J. C. Tyler for lib'y.	15 00
H. A. Shute (sailor).	2 00
Chas. Franklin "	5 00
Thos. Robinson "	1 00
Concord, Trin. Soc'y.	24 05
East Somerville, Cong. ch, S. S. for lib'y.	15 00
Harvard, Con. ch, const. Rev. J. K. Willard L. M.	41 58
Widows mite.	30
Hyannis.	15 00
Lowell, John st. ch, of which \$45 for lib'y.	86 40
Lynn, Chestnut st. ch.	4 39
Medford, J. D. Child.	1 00
Newburyport, Bethel Soc'y of which \$30 to const. Mrs. Wm. Plumer L. M.	60 00
Townsend,	5 00
Wellesley, for lib'y.	15 00
Westboro, Evangl. Soc'y, of which \$45 for lib'y.	90 40
Yarmouth, Cong. ch, of which \$15 for lib'y.	45 91

## CONNECTICUT.

Bridgeport, South Cong. ch, of which Thos. Lord \$30, Jennie, Georgie & Emma Sterling \$15, S. S. \$15 for lib'y.	92 75
Cantonbury, Cong. ch.	11 00
Clinton, Meth. Epis. ch.	11 00
Colchester, Rev. S. G. Willard.	2 60
Darien, Cong. ch.	17 00
Fairfield, Cong. ch, of which A. P. Somes & Mrs. Beers, each \$15 for lib'y; Rev. E. E. R. \$15, S. Morehouse \$15.	136 73
Hillstown, Cong. ch, S. S. for lib'y.	10 00
Middlebury, Cong. ch.	15 80
" " S. S. for lib'y.	15 00
Middlefield, Cong. ch, const. Rev. Theodore S. Pond L. M.	30 00
New Haven, Third Cong. ch.	87 82
Center Cong. ch.	122 68
North Cong. ch.	88 75
College st. Cong. ch.	26 70
Howe st. Cong. ch.	38 30
Timothy Bishop.	20 00
Sharon, Cong. ch, S. S. for lib'y.	15 00
Stratford, Gen'l. G. Loomis, U. S. A.	2 00
West Haven, Cong. ch, S. S. for lib'y.	30 00
Windsor Locks, Cong. ch, of which Mrs C. H. Dexter \$15 for lib'y.	75 00
Nattie W. Hayden lib'y.	15 00

## NEW YORK.

Binghamton, 1st Pres. ch, of which Mr. & Mrs. Jos. E. Ely \$15, three Ladies \$15 for lib'y.	166 90
Brooklyn, Central Pres. ch.	57 86
1st Ref. D. ch.	226 39
Bushwick, Ref. ch, S. S. by Rev. S. H. Meeker lib'y.	15 00

Catskill, Pres. ch.	116 80
East Pembroke, G. S. Corwin, const.	30 00
Isaac Ingram L. M.	12 70
Fort Edward, Pres. ch.	100 00
New York City, D. Appleton & Co.	139 00
Chas. Scribner & Co.	100 00
Joseph Sampson	100 00
Wm. M. Tweed, const. self L. D.	100 00
Le Grand Lockwood.	50 00
R. Carter & Bros.	50 00
Ivison, Phiney, Blakeman & Co.	47 25
Capt. Doane & crew of ship <i>Endeavor</i>	38 00
Pott & Amery.	25 00
W. R. Powell.	25 00
John A. C. Gray.	25 00
Murray Fund.	21 00
C. P. Kirkland.	20 00
Ticknor & Fields.	15 00
Dr. W. N. Blakeman for lib'y.	15 00
Chas. S. Smith for library.	15 00
Wm. Borden, for lib'y.	15 00
Wm. F. Dominick, for lib'y.	15 00
Miss Maria Perkins & Miss Alice Slade, for lib'y.	15 00
Wm. M. Evarts.	10 00
L. K. & Co.	10 00
Peter Cooper.	10 00
W. Dennistoun.	10 00
Jas. H. Knapp.	10 00
A. Clark.	10 00
C. C. Waite.	10 00
Capt. H. Leaming Sehr. J. F. Farlay	10 00
Capt. A. K. Soule, brig <i>D. S. Soule</i> .	5 00
Mrs. Grace Burrit.	5 00
R. S. King.	5 00
W. C. Martin.	5 00
L. N. Lovel.	5 00
Israel Corso.	5 00
W. F. H.	5 00
Capt. Ficket.	5 00
" G. R. Kane, bark <i>Mary A. Koop</i>	5 00
" G. C. Cunningham, brig <i>Little Fury</i>	3 00
Mrs. T. M. Smith, for lib'y.	2 00
W. C.	36 60
Poughkeepsie, 1st Ref. ch.	13 10
Sandy Hill, Pres. ch.	
Schenectady, 1st Ref. ch, S. S. const.	
Miss Anna Harman L. M.	30 00
Southampton, Pres. ch.	26 22

## NEW JERSEY.

Bloomfield, Pres. ch, S. S. Inf. Dep. for lib'y.	15 00
East Bloomfield, Cong. ch, of which T. Buel \$15 for lib'y.	54 03
Palisades, Mrs. Park, for lib'y.	15 00

## PENNSYLVANIA.

Seranton, Pres. ch, of which \$30 const.	
J. C. Platt, L. M.	107 10

## OHIO.

Tallmadge, estate of D. Preston, by L. C. Walton Ex.	23 93
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## MICHIGAN.

Pinckney, Meth. Epis. ch.	5 50
Putnam, West Class School House.	6 00

## ILLINOIS.

Waverly, Cong. ch, S. S. for lib'y.	15 00
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\$3,587 77

## CONTRIBUTIONS TOWARDS PURCHASING A COLORED SAILOR'S HOME.

J. D. Jones.	\$100 00
R. L. Maitland.	100 00

From the Ladies' Newburyport Seamen's Friend Society, One bedquilt.

Hartford, Ct., Mrs. E. Gilman, 13 pairs of Socks.





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December.] Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society. [1868.

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### Being his own Pilot.

A bright boy who loved the sea, entered on a sailor's life when very young. He rose to quick promotion, and while quite a young man was made the master of a ship. One day a passenger spoke to him upon the voyage, and asked if he should anchor off a certain headland, supposing he would anchor there and telegraph for a pilot to take the vessel into port. "Anchor! no, not I. I mean to be in dock with the morning tide." "I thought perhaps you would signal for a pilot." "I am my own pilot," was the curt reply. Intent upon reaching port by morning, he took a narrow channel to save distance. Old bronzed and grayheaded seamen turned their swarthy faces to the sky, which boded squally weather, and shook their heads. Cautious passengers went to the young captain and besought him to take the wiser course, but he only laughed at their fears and repeated his promise to be in dock at day break. He was ashore *before* day-break. We need not pause to dramatise a storm at sea; the alarm of breakers shouted hoarsely through the wind, and the wild orders to get the lifeboats manned. Enough to say that the captain was ashore

earlier than he promised—tossed sportively upon some weedy beach, a dead thing that the waves were weary of—a toy that the tempest was tired of playing with, and his queenly ship and costly freight were scattered over the surfy acres of an angry sea. How was this? The glory of that young man was his strength; *but he was his own pilot*. His own pilot! There was his blunder—fatal, suicidal blunder.

Beware of being your own pilot. Take the true and able pilot on board, who can stride upon the waves, who can speak "Peace, be still," to rough Boreas, so that "with Christ in the vessel, you may smile at the storm." To be emptied of self, that is your need. Send a message to heaven for help. Telegraph for a pilot. You won't ask in vain. And encouraged by the help that is vouchsafed once, you will ask again and again, and seek grace to help in every time of need.

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### Not Rich, But Generous.

The last time I was in Boston, says a writer, I saw a negro sitting on a pile of wood he had just sawed, and eating, apparently with a good appe-

tite, some pieces of bread which had been given him by those who employed him. I should probably have passed him without further notice, had I not been struck with the appearance of a woman who was standing at a little distance from him, and watching his movements with eager interest. She was a white woman, dressed in the garb of poverty; but, in spite of her thin and careworn countenance, she looked like one who had seen better days. Curious to know what interest she could take in the negro's doings, I stepped aside a moment to watch them.

The wood-sawyer, noticing that her eyes were fixed upon him, asked her what she wanted.

Pointing to his meal spread upon the logs, she replied, "I have not eaten so much as that in two weeks."

"Well, sit down here, and take a bite," said the kind-hearted negro. "Although I'm not rich, I'm generous."

With tears in her eyes, she drew near the humble table. I did not wish to deprive the kind-hearted fellow of the pleasure of completing his generous act: so, after quietly slipping a coin into the poor woman's hand, I continued my walk.

I could not soon banish the scene from my thoughts; and the words of the African, "not rich, but generous," long rang in my ears. If riches consist in the means of happiness, what a fund of wealth has the man whom God has blessed with a tender heart! for where is there a greater happiness than in helping another? Many a man that sat down to a sumptuous dinner found no greater enjoyment at his table than did the wood-sawyer upon his log.—*London Early days.*

### Library Reports.

During the month of October, forty-six libraries were sent to sea from the Society's rooms, No. 80 Wall St.; seventeen new, and twenty-nine re-shipments.

No. 282. Returned after several voyages; gone to Havana, on the *Silver Star*.

No. 328. Been to the Pacific, several voyages; books read by different crews; gone to Texas.

No. 350. Returned in good order from several voyages; gone to Lagunaira, on brig *A. B. Patterson*.

No. 487. Been to Pacific; gone to Porto Rico, on the *Beta*.

No. 706. Been several voyages to the Pacific; books were read with interest; gone to Genoa, on brig *Eunice*.

No. 726. Returned in good order; gone to Mobile and Europe, on schr. *C. Colgate*.

No. 739. Been a number of voyages to West Indies; books were read with interest and profit; gone to sea on schooner *Adrian*.

No. 809. Returned after several voyages to different ports; books read and appreciated; gone to Buenos Ayres, on bark *Lindo*.

No. 1014. Been several voyages; gone to Havana, on brig *Normandy*.

No. 1034. Been several voyages to East Indies; books read by different crews; gone to Cuba, on brig *Brisk*.

No. 1445. Been three voyages to the Pacific; books were appreciated; gone to sea on brig *Hattie*.

No. 1587. Been several voyages to South America; books were read by officers and crew with profit; gone to Porto Rico, on brig *E. Thompson*.

No. 1596. Returned after several voyages; books were read with profit; gone to St. Iago, on *J. F. Farland*.

No. 1651. Been two and a half years on ship, during which time the books have been read by a number of crews with profit to many.

No. 1810. Been over two years on board; books read with interest by officers and different crews; gone to Galveston on bark *Cordelia*.

No. 1841. Been a number of voyages to different ports; books were read and appreciated; gone to Demerara, on brig *Gem*.

No. 1955. Returned from a voyage to California; books were read by the crew, and were beneficial to some; gone to Europe, on bark *M. A. Troop*.



No. 2067. Been two voyages to South America. Captain says: "The books were read by nearly all on board, and were instrumental of good to the crew and especially to myself; for the use of the library I am thankful." Gone to Aux Cayes, on brig *La Cayanne*.

No. 2125. Returned in good order. Captain states that the books have been a great blessing to him and his crew. Gone to Curracoa, W. I., on brig *Curracoa*.

No. 2153. Been two voyages to West Indies; gone to Porto Rico, on brig *Morning Light*.

No. 2157. Been two voyages to San Francisco; books were read by the officers and crew with much profit; gone to Buenos Ayres, on brig *Little Fury*.

No. 2190. Been a voyage to South East Coast of Africa. Captain says the books were read with profit; he wishes another. Gone to Cette, France, on the *Royal Arch*.

No. 2260. Been a voyage to San Francisco. Captain states the books have been read by the crew. Gone to the West Indies, on bark *Evening Star*.

No. 2275. Been two voyages to South America. Captain says: "The library has had a good effect on all; thankful for its use." Gone to the Southern Coast of Africa, on bark *Mondego*.

No. 2355. Returned in good order from a voyage to San Francisco; gone to Antwerp, on bark *George Esson*.

No. 2357. Been several voyages to West Indies. Captain expressed his thanks for the use of the library, as it had been useful to officers and crew.

No. 2408. Captain writes: "We have been to Mobile; thence to Genoa and Leghorn, and back to New York. The books have all been read with much interest by officers and crew; for their use I am much obliged." Gone to Barcelona, on brig *L. Squires*.

No. 2801. "What I have seen and what I have heard from other masters, convinces me that your libraries have been and will be a powerful instrument in the hand of God, for giving the Gospel to all nations.

A great deal of the time that men would otherwise spend idly is now spent in reading. God grant that your work may be the means of bringing the abundance of the sea to Him. May his blessing be upon the Sabbath School children, for their donations for libraries.

A. E. COLCORD,  
Of bark *Arletta*."

No. 2289. Oct. 14th, 1868.

To the *Am. Seamen's Friend Society*.

"I can subscribe to your motto that "knowledge is power," and if it is the *knowledge* of the truth as it is in Christ—then it becomes the *power* of bringing life out of death. One of your libraries was placed on board at this port last year, and has been with us on a voyage around the world. The books have been gladly received and *read* by all that were able to do so; and I can perceive a marked improvement in the deportment of my crew.

"Since leaving San Francisco I felt it to be my duty to try and show them the way of life, and our Sabbath morning meetings were attended with apparent interest on the part of the crew; and I humbly hope it will be found at the day of the revealing of all things that they were not all stony hearers of the Word. Your Society has my sincere prayers for the extension of the good work among seamen. Enclosed please find forty-seven dollars and twenty-five cents, contributed by the ship's company for the benefit of their shipmates.

A. DOANE,  
Of the ship *Endeavor*."

This library has gone to sea on the bark *G. Palmer*.—H.

### "I Only Prayed for Him."

"Is it true, Arthur, that your father joined the church last Sunday?" I said to a little boy whose father I had known was a drunkard.

"Yes, sir, and so did mother, and we are all so happy."

"Why, I thought he did not attend church, and used to spend Sabbath in the rum-shop."

"It is different now, sir. He has signed the pledge, and goes to church, and teaches in our Sunday-School."

"How did this come about, Arthur? What did you do for your father?"

"I only prayed for him! When father drank, he was so cross I was afraid to speak to him. One day, the superintendent told us to ask every one we knew to sign the pledge, and if there were some we could not ask, then we should pray to God for them. So that night I wanted to ask father, but he was so cross. I therefore, with Sarah and Gerty, before going to bed, prayed to God to get father to give up drinking and sign the pledge; and father gave up drink, and now with mother he has joined the church. This was all I did, I only prayed for him."

Dear children, do any of your fathers, mothers, brothers, or friends drink, and do you want them to sign the pledge? Then *pray* for them.—  
*Banner.*

### What is the Bible Like?

1. It is like a large, beautiful tree that bears sweet fruit for those that are hungry, and affords shelter and shade for pilgrims on their way to the kingdom of heaven.

2. It is like a cabinet of jewels and precious stones, which are not only to be looked at and admired, but used and worn.

3. It is like a telescope, which brings distant objects and far-off things of the world to come very near, so that we can see something of their beauty and importance.

4. It is like a treasure-house, a store-house, of all sorts of valuables and useful things, and which are to be had without money and without price.

5. It is like a deep, broad, calm, flowing river, the banks of which are green and flowery; where birds sing and lambs play, and dear little children are loving and happy.

My dear children, because we love you, we want you to love the Bible. If you attend to it, it will make you, through God's blessing, wise, rich, and happy, for ever and ever. It is God's book. It is the best book. It is a book for children. We hope you will learn, and learn to sing too, that beautiful hymn,—

"Holy Bible, book divine.

Precious treasure, thou art mine."

### Faith.

A STORY BY AMY D—.

"Summer is coming!" So a robin sang to me as, on a winter's morning, I was sitting by my window; "summer is coming!"

"Is it (said I with a smile), and why are you so glad?"

"O! because, then, it is that, up in the trees and among the roses, when all looks so bright, I love to think how good our Father is, who makes these things and cares for us always."

"Well, I'll see if your faith will last," said I. I gave him some crumbs, and away little robin flew.

After a while, back came robin, with a broken wing, sick and cold; but he was happy as ever, and glad that spring was coming, for then he should be warm. I kept him till he got well, and let him go.

He did not come back till spring, when he said: "You see, my Father did care for me. He has kept me all winter. I was sorry at first that I could not fly; but when I came to you, I knew my wing was broken for my good, and I could not mourn."

As off he flew away I thought of robin's faith; it taught me a lesson, and I hope all will remember it.

### American Seamen's Friend Society.

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### Terms of the Life Boat.

THE LIFE-BOAT is published for the purpose of diffusing information and awakening an interest more especially among the young, in the moral and religious improvement of seamen, and also to aid in the collection of funds for the general objects of the Society. Any Sabbath School, who will send us \$15 for a Loan Library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with postage prepaid.





